

CONTRARIETY,

OR

A new BROOM, for the new HOUSE.

A COMIC PIECE, in Two Acts,

BY

J. TOMLINSON.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

NEW THEATRE, STAFFORD.

A Satyr that comes staring from the Woods,
Must not at first speak like an Orator.

ROSCOMMON.

In Mercy spare us, when we do our best
To make as much waste Paper as the rest.

SPECTATOR.

STAFFORD;

PRINTED BY N. BODEN; AND SOLD BY B. LAW, LONDON;
PEARSON, AND SWINNEY & WALKER, BIRMINGHAM;
HATELY, WOLVERHAMPTON;

AND

MILWARD, WALSALL.

1792.



JAMES BACON, 1725-1780

THE COMPTON HOUSE, LONDON

J. T. O. R. D.

THE TOWER OF LONDON

NEW TESTAMENT

THE TOWER OF LONDON

THE TOWER OF LONDON

J. T. O. R. D.

THE TOWER OF LONDON

THE TOWER OF LONDON

THE TOWER OF LONDON

DEDICATION.

TO THE

Miss *Williamsons*, Miss *Fernyhoughs*,
and Miss *Keen*, of STAFFORD.

IN an age, when the generality of mankind assume the character of Censors, and indulge themselves in indiscriminate asperities, nothing could prove more flattering or satisfactory, than your condescension, to patronize the following attempt.

To plunge a Juvenile Effort into the boisterous stream of Criticism, without some powerful support, would have been highly indiscreet. To more eminent objects, I could not have directed myself, than the illustrious group I have the honor to address; whose exalted virtues are the theme of universal adulation, and whose personal attractions arrest the eye, even of Indifference itself.

Under such a sanction, I commit myself to the Public, not without hope, that if they cannot approve, yet they will act candidly, towards

Ladies,

Your most devoted,

And very humble Servant,

J. T.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

I N committing to the Press the following Sheets, the Author has sacrificed his own Intentions, to the Importunities of Friends: They were originally designed for *local representation only*, being the hasty productions of moments, abstracted from his professional avocations. The Plot (as the Reader will observe,) is copied from the "Romance of a Day," with such Alterations, as seemed necessary, to adapt it to a Dramatic Piece.



PROLOGUE,

By the AUTHOR.

Actor, and Prompter, within.

A C T O R.

WHERE's the Manager ! the Manager ! the Manager !

P R O M P T E R.

Why, what the Devil is the Matter ?

You'll fright the Audience with your clatter.

A C T O R.

Zounds Sir ! we have no Prologue, they'll damn the Piece,
and we're undone,

They'll wait no longer ; — hark, the Uproar is begun.

O curse the Poet, how he has deceiv'd,

Read, read the Letter I have just receiv'd :

“ Not twelve Hours study, with the aid of Wine, }

“ Nor all my Invocations to the Nine, }

“ Have yet produc'd one solitary Line.” }

P R O M P T E R.

Heav'ns ! I'm panic struck ! What shall we do ?

They'll sacrifice the Author, me, and you,

A C T O R.

Hush ! — the Clamour's ceas'd ; — I think I'll enter,
And yet, I am almost afraid to venture.

Enter Actor, with hesitation. After a pause, speaks.

Well, since I find you neither hiss nor scold,

I'll e'en proceed : Your candour makes me bold.

A good Commencement ! if so, the End should tell,

Why then as Shakespeare says, ALL WILL BE WELL.

No snarling Critic, sure has place among you,

Nor has their DAMNING SPIRIT ever stung you.

Methinks I stand before a fair, impartial Jury,

Superior e'en to COVENT, or old DRURY ;

There, Merit hath been blasted in the bud,

One common fate involv'd both bad and good ;

False prepossessions oft have damn'd a Play,

And all an Author's hopes been rudely swept away.

But

But hold,——

Such Sentiments can ne'er characterize
 An Audience so fair, so candid, wise;
 Within whose bosoms, noblest passions glow,
 Who'd rather pardon, than condemn a Foe.
 If such the Judges,——need a TOWNSMAN fear?
 (I'm sure your Sentence will not be severe.)
 No wish for plaudits, nor desire for gain,
 Prompts him to cultivate his comic vein;
 One motive only, the attempt inspir'd,
 TO PLEASE THOSE FRIENDS, WHOSE VIRTUES HE ADMIR'D.
 Gaining that point, no other he pursues,
 Since THAT, and that ALONE, completes his Views.

EPILOGUE.

By the AUTHOR.

Spoken in the Character of a drunken Actor.

DON'T you think me Sirs, a pretty sort of fellow,
 To attempt the Epilogue, and be so mellow?
 Hold up my boy,——damn it, I'm not the SORT;
 I told the Manager I was'nt fit for't;
 But he, strange mortal, would have no denial,
 Swore he'd dismiss, unless I made the trial;
 And he's so positive,——“Gad, there he stands,——Well, 'tis very true,”
 I'm sure 'tis safer to confide in you.
 But softly PEGASUS, I quite outstep my story,
 How I got drunk, ought first to come before ye.
 Port, pow'rful Port, our Author had prepar'd;—
 Well may you laugh,—I promise you I star'd,
 Tho' no proof's wanting that I largely shar'd.

And

And it was natural, we once were well acquainted,
 But Cash of late ran low, and we have been dis jointed :
 So meeting once again, I thought it better,
 To enjoy my old friend, and be our Author's Debtor.
 Besides, Wine whets the Wit, and makes it flow more free,
 And so the more I drank, I thought the wittier I should be.
 But what does that spark observe, "You can't divine,
 "How I a strolling Player, met with Wine?"
 And do you doubt it Sir ? then I'll this instant prove it,
 Hallo, Waiter there,—the Wine,—this way remove it.

*Enter Waiter, with a Bottle of Wine ; a Cork - screw in
 the Cork.*

I'll broach it first, then give you my opinion. (Drinks.
 'Tis excellent ! — O Port ! I bend to thy dominion,
 I hope Sir, you're convinc'd by this Example,
 Nor think our Stock consists in this small Sample ;
 E'en dozens good as this, my orders wait,
 And did you ever know me bashful at a Treat ?
 'Twas rude in you, to gainsay my assertions,
 And throw a Damper on my first Exertions ;
 But damn it, Man, I'm not quarrelsome, not I ;
 I'll drown the insult,—talking makes me dry. (Drinks:

And now a word or two about the Play,
 Must do't,—— but what the Devil shall I say ?
 I'll try another glass, e'er I begin, (Drinks:
 Perhaps it may,——O yes, I feel it coming in.
 Hem ! hem ! hem ! 'tis requisite to clear my voice,——
 I am the Author's Proxy,——don't you admire his choice ?
 Well, what's your sentence ?—Damnation ! no,—no,——
 You'll ne'er condemn a Man, when quite so so ;
 Think Sirs,—a tender Muse,—now don't disrobe her,
 At least suspend it, 'till I seem more sober.
 Review your Sentence,—reverse it did you say ?
 O dam'me, THAT'S YOUR SORT, hurra, hurra.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

MR. HEARTLY,
BLOOMFIELD,
JEJUNE.
SOLOMON,
SAILOR,
FRENCHMAN,

W O M E N.

LOUISA HEARTLY,
TABITHA.

S C E N E ; Greenwich, and the Vicinity.

T I M E : about Six hours.

CONTRARIETY, &c.

A C T I.

SCENE, *An Apartment in Mr. HEARTLY'S House.*

Mr. HEARTLY *discovered.*

AFTER thirty years successful industry, I have retired to the delightful vicinage of Blackheath, and mean to spend the remainder of my days in the calm bosom of retreat. When age, and its consequent infirmities assail us, and render us unfit for active life, we court more tranquil scenes. Louisa now engages all my thoughts; with what pleasure I contemplate her intended union with young Bloomfield! yet when I converse upon the subject, she treats it with indifference, and discovers a volatility of disposition that alarms me. To be sure she is a stranger to him; on that ground I rest my
C hopes :

hopes: Report speaks highly of his good qualities, and when wit, figure, and fortune, are the suitors, who shall withstand the claim? Besides, a father's influence shall second his pretensions. (going,

Enter LOUISA.

Heartly. Well Louisa, I was going in search of you; here is a letter from Sir William Bloomfield, acquainting me of his Son's arrival in England.

Louisa. And pray what is that to me?

Heartly. Of the first consequence. My heart palpitates with joy upon the occasion. You know the match has been long projected, and only waited his return for its consummation.

Louisa. How, Sir!

Heartly. Why this indifference! But come let us prepare for his reception, we have no time to lose, to-morrow he honors us with a visit, and a few days I hope will make you one.

Louisa. And do you seriously expect that event!

Heartly. Certainly! In thy marriage centers all my views; if I live to see the attainment of that object, I shall be supremely blest. 'Tis all I ask of Heaven.



Heaven. My choice is unexceptionable. In point of manners and address he stands unrivalled, and his fortune and family are equal to my warmest wishes.

Louisa. If he possess'd brighter accomplishments! Was he the paragon of man, unless he was the object of my own choice, I should view him with abhorrence.

Heartly. Nay, raise not obstacles to my happiness; strew not the path of age with thorns. You must consent to his addresses.

Louisa. Astonishing! And so you would have a girl of my beauty and consequence, transferr'd with as little ceremony as you transfer stock; have an awkward country booby introduc'd at your commands, and expect acquiescence at our first interview; O the antiquated idea!

Heartly. Come, come Louisa, lay aside this raillery; it is highly unbecoming.

Louisa. Unbecoming! why it is the very characteristic of the *Bon Ton*, the most striking trait of the woman of fashion. No Sir, the man who marries me, must win me.

Heartly. Mr. Bloomfield has done that already, if deserving you, may be deemed so.

Louisa. Indeed you quite mistake me ; my ideas are tortur'd in the construction. 'Tis to those polite attentions, to those officious minutiae I allude, which men of the world consider due to our sex, and are ever prompt to contribute.

Heartly. And which they assume, merely as masks for the greatest villanies, and to render the unsuspecting female, an easier prey to their designs.

Louisa. And so you hope to moralize me out of my system ! but your lectures will have a contrary effect ; I shall endure a seven year's siege ;---he must attend me to routs, ridottos, balls, and plays ; --p ffeßs the patience of an humble suitor at the minister's levee ;-- sigh out his soul to winds and trees ;--write sonnets to my beauty ;---idolize every charm I possess ;--ascribe to me graces to which I am a stranger ; and in short, be a complete Knight-Errant in love, ere I shall deign to smile upon him.---This Sir, is a picture of the etiquette of high life, of which I shall be a most rigid observer.

Heartly. The volatility of your disposition hurries you beyond the bounds of decency. You confound the object. Mr. Bloomfield, instead of that aukward person

person you suppose, is a gentleman in the strictest sense of the word, and possesses attractions, capable of impressing the most indifferent. Besides his virtues——

Louisa. O! the immaculate young man,——from your description of him, I should think him fitter for a chaplain to the BOTANY - BAY Convicts, than husband to a woman of spirit,--his doctrines would be enforced by example, as well as precept.

Heartly. What a pitch of profligacy she has attained! Is this the return for my indulgence? to cast your ridicule on him, whose alliance I have courted.

Louisa. (*With an air of indifference,*) And so in all the blooming charms of nineteen, and with a fortune of £.100,000 I must jump into the lap of a man, because it is papa's desire! Lord! how totally unacquainted you are with the practices of the *beau monde*.

Heartly. Would you were so!

Louisa. Come then, I'll instruct you, and doubtless my first lesson will be sufficiently explanatory. It was but the other day, that Lady Emily Exquisite, in the true spirit of the age, eloped with her own footman, merely because her guardian hinted matrimony;
and

and shall I renounce the priviledges of my sex, and comply with the capricious mandate of a father?----such an anecdote would disgrace the records of the eighteenth century.

Heartly. I shall lose all patience! she has caught the levity of the times, and all my hopes are blasted. If you resist my tender sollicitations, hear my parental commands: I insist upon your receiving Mr. Bloomfield as your destin'd husband.

Louisa. O Sir, since you are peremptory, I must be decisive: And know, I'll never wed, till I have plann'd elopements without number; been the cause of half a dozen duels; and consigned as many lovers to the custody of Willis. And with these sentiments I'll withdraw. *Exit.*

HEARTLY.

To what a situation am I reduced!----just when I thought myself within the reach of happiness, to be disappointed! to have my only remaining object frustrated in the midst of hopes; at the very moment of enjoyment,----Well may moralists inveigh against the profligacy of the age.----Well may they exclaim, we have attained the zenith of depravity, when

when the most flagrant crimes are committed, under the sanction of a *name*: when seduction is termed gallantry,---coquetry, female spirit; and vices in general, are softened into fashionable levities: the young and tender mind, is led on imperceptibly from gaiety to indiscretion, from indiscretion to criminality. Louisa is absolutely infected. What I deemed natural vivacity, proves a more dangerous quality. But I will not despair; the attractions of youth may effect a change, though the remonstrances of age fail. But I must compose myself; for my engagement with Lord Whiffle to day, cannot be deferred. Well then, I'll seek my garden recess, and hush my mind to rest.

As HEARTLY is going out, enter SOLOMON.

Solomon. Hail profound Magister, and tell me thy decree,

Must Joseph, James, or Self, attend on thee?

Heartly. Peace, thou babbling fool; I'm too much disturbed to hear thy fulsome nonsense. *Exit.*

Solomon. O what a reflection upon art and science, To call me fool, who with the muses boast such close alliance:

Am

Am not I Solomon, furnam'd the wise ?

And who shall dare my *confusions* to despise ?

Who, like me has such *obscurity* of diction ?

Let me see : a rhyme to that.---Now I have it :
Such *simplicity* of thought, and bright poetic fiction.
There's extempore for you. O Solomon, Solomon,
thou improvest daily. *Exit.*

SCENE, changes to a Tavern.

BLOOMFIELD, *solus.*

In a land of freedom like this, we cannot endure the least idea of force or restriction. Pure love cannot exist with a particle of either ; nay, affection becomes hatred, and beauty unimpressive. This strange whim of my father's, if pursued, will involve me in a thousand difficulties, and if declined, renders him inexorable. To visit an amiable girl, in the character of a lover, and at our first interview avow a passion, I never entertained, would be to sacrifice virtue, honor, and happiness, at the shrine of caprice. Nature spurns at the attempt. Then I'm decided : I'll rather

ther risk his displeasure, than impose upon the sex ; an ingenuous disclosure may reconcile him ; but if I injure her, 'tis past the reparation.

BLOOMFIELD *walks about in a musing posture, and*
JEJUNE *enters undiscovered.*

Jejune. So, after various encounters, we are arrived at Greenwich. I don't know how this matrimonial scheme may end, but the omens are not very favorable in the outset :---no sooner escap'd drowning, than we fall into the hands of thieves ; and those footpads are such bloody dogs---(*discovers Bloomfield*) Hey ! who have we here ? by the mass, no other than my master : but he is so wrapp'd in thought, he don't observe me. Upon my soul, from his exterior I should imagine he was solving one of the most difficult problems in Euclid :-----(*advances towards him,*) Meditation requires privacy, I'll withdraw, or I may probably disturb your reveries.

Bloomfield. No, Jejune : at this moment I most need your assistance, for I have resolved to renounce my love project, in spite of the old gentleman's commands ; proceed to Town without delay, and enter

D

into

into the gaieties of the place, with the spirit of a man of fashion.

Jejune. A most admirable resolution i'faith!

Bloomfield. And the sooner put into execution the better. Come, what places of amusement now attract? where shall I make my *entre*?

Jejune. For that business I am completely equipp'd: I'll give you a short catalogue, and then judge for yourself. To begin with the Theatres, where sense is banish'd, and the usurpers, *sound* and *situation*, are received with *eclat*: next the Opera House, where the warbling Castrati from Italy, are launched into immediate service, and well rigged with English guineas; while the merit of our own countrymen is suffer'd to languish in contemptible obscurity. If you wish to see the levelling principle realized, step into White's, or Brookes's; where you'll scarce distinguish the sharper from the nobleman. As for Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and the fam'd etceteras, they are too well known to need elucidation; but sing song and exotics are the only wear.

Bloomfield. You are a most faithful chronicler of
the

the times, Jeune, but the mere effects of experience, I suppose?

Jeune. Ay, and experience dearly bought too, at the expence of a broken head, as well as reputation; I have been a very Proteus in my time. Sometimes the bully to a Cyprian nymph; then a marker to a Billiard table; twice a strolling player; once the footman of a feign'd gentleman, and now the companion of a real one; that is,----most obsequiously yours.

Bloomfield. A very mutable character indeed;---but some little allowances for embellishment.

Jeune. Not a jot, Sir: Invention and I are as great strangers to one another, as the rights of a monarch, and the King of France. I'm a plain matter of fact man, and 'tis all strict truth, by the respectability of the stations I have fill'd.

Bloomfield. Ha! ha! ha! now you have overshot your mark, and ruined your memory system in a moment. That oath I'm sure is perfectly novel.

Jeune. (*aside.*) Not quite so new as he supposes; for I think it has been in use these two years, and during that time has endured pretty hard service---Why, Sir, as to that indeed----

Bloomfield. But come, a truce with trifling; can't you hit upon something more eccentric? my present vein is downright frolic.

Jejune. Apropos, the times, and our present situation—What think you of a Greenwich Park adventure? But damn it, that's too low.

Bloomfield. Not in the least I assure you, the very cast of my present disposition.

Jejune. But you must go in disguise; what character do you propose to appear in?

Bloomfield. Why----that of a subaltern officer, Ensign Colville of the 21st.

Jejune. Your choice is excellent, red coats and cockades are irresistible----But we have no time to lose----the jolly dames are already assembled on the hill----I'll procure you the disguise, and then, hey for the scene of action.

Bloomfield. With all my heart.

Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE *discovers* LOUISA *at her Toilette.*

SONG, LOUISA.

SET BY G. BAKER.

What an odious thing 'tis to marry,
And so become pris'ner for life,
The project I'm sure must miscarry,
I cannot exchange "lovely Mifs" for "my Wife,"
 " My wife, my dear, my wife !"
There is so much formality in it,
I could not endure it a minute,
No ! I will never exchange "lovely Mifs" for "my Wife !"

The beaux now attend me, and cry,
My charmer, my soul, or my life,
But these soft expressions must die,
If ever I change "lovely Mifs" for "my Wife,"
 " My wife, my dear, my wife !"
There is so much formality in it,
I could not endure it a minute,
No ! I will never exchange "lovely Mifs" for "my Wife !"

Whilst single my sway is extensive,
Variety charms me through life,
But to one I'm confined (tho' offensive),
If ever I change "lovely Mifs" for "my Wife,"
 " My wife, my dear, my wife !"
There is so much formality in it,
I could not endure it a minute,
No ! I will never exchange "lovely Mifs" for "my Wife !"

Louisa.

LOUISA.

I'm quite divided about my dress to day, whether my new shape and lustring petticoat, which Sir HARRY MODELY so much admired, or my beautiful conquest suit. The influence of the latter I believe has been pretty generally felt, from thence its name.
(*Searching about the dressing table.*)

O lud if I am not out of rouge. Was ever any thing so provoking, there is no appearing in public without it, the effects are too conspicuous----Well, I'll order the chariot for town and procure a fresh supply---(*going*)---But, how unfortunate, now I recollect, there's not a servant in the house, all gone with my father to Lord WHIFFLE'S--Heigho! what a dreadful scene have I to encounter, confinement in the house for a whole day; the very thought is enough to give me the vapours---Well, I'll look at the lesson Mr. Quadrille left me yesterday, for I must be a proficient against Lady Love-Game's rout---Here it is:

“ *When you are the Ombre, and your friend leads
from*

from Mats, play your best trump, and lead the next best the first opportunity."

"With Manille, Basto, King, and two small hearts, or diamonds, three small clubs, and the Knave, and one spade, lead Manille."

Why he has left rules sufficient to occupy my whole time for a month, indeed I shall be quite splenetic if I proceed---But, stay, what is this about the odds; I must not be uninformed in that point, since 'tis become so fashionable to bet.

"Five to four that my partner holds one card out of two certain cards, and five to two, out of three." Well I could not have thought it.

"With three Matadores in hearts, King and one diamond, King and one spade, and King and two clubs, 'tis two to one you win."---That shall be rivetted in my memory---But who have we here?

Enter TABITHA, dressed in an extravagant Manner, without any Taste.

Louisa. What, Tabitha! or do my eyes deceive me?

Tabitha.

Tabitha. Now only see what a difference dressing with taste makes : why old Thomas the gardiner, as I came through the kitchen, got up and made his obedience, and said, " Pray who does your ladyship want." Why Thomas, cried I, don't you know me? " Lord, Mrs. Tabitha," says he, " why you look the most handsomest, beautifullest young creature I ever saw in my life," and you know Thomas never flatters----But I have a great secret to tell you.

Louisa. Indeed ! pray what is it?

Tabitha. Why it is concerning a dream I had last night.

Louisa. Pshaw! what could you dream about?

Tabitha. Why, of all the good things in the world, I dreamt of a husband.

Louisa. Ha! ha! ha! you don't think of entering into wedlock surely!

Tabitha. And why may not I think of it as well as other folks? Wasn't Molly married last week, and if she is rather younger than me, hav'n't I more experience?

Louisa. In that point, Tabitha, I must confess
you

you have the advantage : but come, the particulars of your dream.

Tabitha. Well then, this is Easter Monday, and there are great doings at Greenwich Park, and I dreamt, if I went there, I should meet with a fine handsome young sweetheart, and that we were to be married, and have such a parcel of pretty children, and as like their mamma as they could stare.

Louisa. But what will Solomon say when he hears of this, I thought you had quite settled matters?

Tabitha. No, he don't use me well, for he fixes this day and that, and, when the time comes, he always puts it off.

Louisa. And are you ridiculous enough to believe this strange adventure will be realized?

Tabitha. To be sure I do : Didn't I foretel the death of poor Damon your favourite lap dog ; and didn't I advise you, when you put into the State Lottery, to take No. 12,000 and odd, and was'nt it the very next number to the £. 30 000 Prize? Let me alone for foresight ; besides, I never dreamt upon a Sunday night in my life but it came to pass.

Louisa. (*aside.*) I have half a mind to go with her,

E

'twill

'twill only be an innocent frolic, and I shall not be known. Pray, Tabitha, what are the prevailing amusements at the Park?

Tabitha. O it will do your heart good to hear e'm: There's hunting the handkerchief, rolling down the hill, Blindman's buff, and all sort of diversion.

Louisa. 'Tabitha, can you be faithful? for, as the day is so remarkably fine, I think I shall accompany you, but not not a word who I am.

Tabitha. No, no, mum to that, I never tell secrets---What a smart handsome couple we shall be! all the young fellows will be after us I warrant, and then how mortifying to the ugly girls! I shall like it of all things.

Louisa. Get me Betty's gown and cap, as I shall appear as your fellow servant; meet me in your chamber, and I'll equip instantly.

Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE changes to Greenwich Park.

Enter a SAILOR *singing*.

“ And sing a little, and laugh a little,

“ And swear a little, and drink a little,

“ And swig the flowing can.”

O damn me there they are—Now for some high fun ;
but it may'nt be amiss to examine the coast a little
first,——See how that jolly lass rolls down the hill !
Hold up black stockings ;---Split me if ever I see such
a pair of legs !---But who the devil is Mounfeer fol-
lowing there ?---As tight a frigate as e'er went out
of harbour. Damn me, must give chace ; I'll soon
make Mounfeer sheer off, bring her to upon the lar-
board tack, and hoist my broad pendant on board
her——But he steers this way, gadso, I'll bear
down upon him.

Enter FRENCHMAN.

Vere can le jolie fille be gone ! she has slipped away
in one moment——O malheureux ! she vas just vat

E 2

I did

I did wish, de very ting de mon coeur, so plump, so rosy, she vas one delieieux morceau, and calculate to afford le plus grande plaisir, the greatest pleasure!

Sailor. Avaft, avast, Mounseer! what, cruise in a British sea and pay no respect to the British Flag? Come, haul down your topsail, and strike your colours, or I'll give you a broadside.

Frenchman. Vat, do you mean to insult my honour?

Sailor. Don't tell me of honor, I know what you are after, but she is under my convoy, and, if you don't give over the chase, why we must have an engagement, that's all do you see,

Frenchman. Vous etes un coquin——and if you do not talk about your business, I shall demand satisfaction in a genteel way.

Sailor. O! O! I understand you Mr. Frenchy, what, you think I can't play that game, do you? but I have a pretty good substitute here.

(*Shewing a bludgeon.*)

Frenchman. O de vulgarity of dese brutes a l'Anglois—Dey have no idea of taste or elegance.

Sailor.

Sailor. Don't sputter your gibberish here, I'm for plain English, all fair and above board, and hark you, if you don't sheer off I'll maul your rigging for you.

Frenchman. How I do detest la mode en Angleterre, how unlike de politesse de notre nation—— But I tink I had better retreat and go search for my charming fille de joye.

(As he walks off the Sailor discovers his tail, advances and lays hold of it.)

Sailor. Ha! ha! ha! What the devil is this—— a tail! shiver my timbers but its a whopper. But look ye Mounseer Fricassee, there goes the vessel, now I'll take her in tow, and if you do come along side of us, why, damn me I'll sink ye.

Frenchman. (With a shrug.) O de Allobroge! O la bete!

Exeunt severally.

SCENE

SCENE changes to another Part of the Park.

Enter BLOOMFIELD in disguise, with JEJUNE.

Bloomfield. Did you observe the lovely girl that joined the circle on the hill, attended by an elderly person?

Jejune. I did; they appear to be fellow servants.

Bloomfield. I know not what she is, but sure I never saw such charms in woman——Something whispers me she is not what she seems, but I'll seek her, whilst you must ply her attendant, and gain what information you can.

Exit.

Jejune. A very pretty task he has assigned me, to address and notice that old formal piece of goods, in preference to the choice bits that are so numerous. Well I'll humour him; I think I overheard her say, she was fond of Plays, now that's my cue, a few choice passages gains her to my purpose, and here she comes.

Enter

Enter TABITHA.

Fejune. Deign lovely stranger to accept the hand of one, whose first ambition is, to bask in the eternal sun-shine of your smiles.

Tabitha. (aside) This must certainly be the gentleman I dreamt of, and a smart clever fellow he is. Did you speak to me, sir?

Fejune. To whom but you could my address apply!—No my fair one,

“ Full many a lady
 “ Have I ey’d with best regard, and many a time
 “ Th’ harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
 “ Brought my too diligent ear ; for several virtues
 “ Have I lik’d several women, but never any
 “ With so full a soul, but some defect in her
 “ Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow’d,
 “ And put it to the foil. But you, O you
 “ So perfect and so peerless are created
 “ Of every creature’s best.”

Tabitha. Why, sir, I am reckon’d to possess some good qualities, for instance now, my master says I am the best maker of suety dumpling he ever met with, and as to a prudent managing sort of a woman, I don’t think there’s my equal in the universal world.

Fejune.

Fejune. How shall I repress my risible faculties !
She is the very woman I took her for. (*aside*) But
then your figure,

“ Who turn’d that lovely waist with so much art,
“ And shut perfection in so small a ring ?
“ Who spread that pure expanse of white above,
“ On which the dazzled sight can find no rest
“ But drunk with beauty wanders up and down
“ For ever and for ever finds new charms.
“ But O those eyes, those murderers, whence,
“ Whence did’st thou steal their burning orbs,
“ From heav’n ? thou did’st, and ’tis religion to adore ’em.”

Tabitha. Lord, sir, you are vastly polite, tho’ it
is not the first time I have been complimented upon
my shape and eyes.

Fejune. Nor will it be the last, they’ll prove a
never failing theme. O ! I could for ever gaze.

Tabitha. Well he is downright in love with me,
that’s certain. (*aside*) To be sure, sir, I can have no
objections to you, tho’ I have refus’d great offers be-
fore now -- I have some money, five years wages, at
six pounds a year, is now in my master’s hands, and
as to a flock of cloaths, tho’ I say it, nobody has a
better.

Fejune.

Jefune. (aside) A damn'd pretty piece of business I have brought upon myself; the old jade doats on me already---But I'll feed her vanity a little longer---Talk not of fortune, yourself alone is a treasure.

“ Were I crown'd the most imperial monarch
“ Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth
“ That ever made eye swerve ; had force and knowledge
“ More than was ever man's I would not prize 'em
“ Without thy love, for thee employ them all,
“ Commend them and condemn them to thy service
“ Or to their own perdition.”

But my master bends this way, and I must not interrupt his schemes. *(aside)* See we are observ'd. Retire my love, I'll meet you on the other side of the hill, and there renew my vows.

Tabitha. O sir, do not leave me.

Jefune. My absence shall be momentary. Nay do not doubt, for here

“ I swear by Cupid's strongest bow,
“ By his best arrow, with the golden head,
“ By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
“ By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,
“ And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
“ When the false Trojan under sail was seen,

F

“ By

“ By all the vows that ever men have broke,
“ In number more than ever women spoke ;
“ In that same place I have appointed thee,
“ I'll fly with swiftest wings to meet thee instantly.

(Exeunt severally.)

Enter BLOOMFIELD and LOUISA,

Both in Disguise.

Bloomfield. Whither so hastily ? Night is yet distant ; think not of retiring so early.

Louisa. Indeed sir I must ; at yonder tree I promised to meet my fellow servant, and she has just passed this way.

Bloomfield. Be not so impatient ; I have a thousand things to say, and yet, strange paradox, one word expresses all.

Louisa, (Aside.) Into what a train of difficulties this single indiscretion leads me ; but whilst I stay I must preserve my disguise.—It must be a strange sort of word to comprehend so much.

Bloomfield. (aside,) How bewitching is her simplicity, untutored by the world, she knows nothing of deceit.—Yes, 'tis comprehensive in the extreme

treme, tho' we hear of the spontaneous, yet penetrating sigh---of the expressive side glance---the reluctant No, and the palpitating Yes---of that delicate confusion, which the object of our affections never fails to inspire---of that exquisite sensibility, which excites apprehension, and fills us with continual alarm-----

Louisa. And can one word mean all this! why then will you give yourself so much trouble?

Bloomfield. Though we resort to the airy regions of fancy, or ascend to the sublimest heights of the imagination; though we range through language in our career, no trope or figure can be found indicative of Love-----No! Love cannot be described.

Louisa. Why, surely you are not in love with me sir! What would people say, to hear of a smart officer courting a person of my condition? Besides, I have one sweetheart already, and that's quite enough at a time -----I think I support the character capitally. (*aside.*)

Bloomfield. This accounts for her indifference, but I'll try the strength of her affection---(*aside*)---Who is the happy man? Is he not ugly?

Louisa. No indeed he isn't, though not so well dressed as you, and I don't think you very handsome.

Bloomfield. Is he not old?

Louisa. Much younger than you.

Bloomfield. Is he not poor?

Louisa. Why so am I, and I like him none the worse for that.

Bloomfield. But is he not ill-tempered?

Louisa. As mild as milk, I do assure you, and I can't say as much of you.

Bloomfield. Is he not illit'rate?

Louisa. Pray what is that?

Bloomfield. This is affected ignorance, and incompatible with the shrewdness of her former answers. But I perceive she loves him.

(Walks about in a disordered state.)

Louisa. Now he is musing I'll escape.

(Offers to go.)

Bloomfield. *(observing her,)* Nay, do not go.

Louisa. I beg, sir, you will not prevent me.

Bloomfield. First give me your address.

Louisa. Lord, sir, I can't write.

Bloomfield.

Bloomfield. Pshaw! Pronounce it then.

Louisa. Not on any account.

Bloomfield. Then I will accompany you.

Louisa. Not for the world. My mistress, sir, is an old maid, and she can't endure the sight of a man, it would throw her into hysterics.

Bloomfield. Then fix any time or place, and I'll attend you, nay adopt any disguise to obtain an interview.

Louisa. How wild you talk, and you officers have such ways of imposing upon young women, that I dare not stay any longer, and I desire sir you will not follow me.

Exit.

BLOOMFIELD *solus.*

She's gone! perhaps for ever, and I've no power to follow her---How has her request enforced obedience! whilst I remain perplexed with doubt, and tortured by conjecture. I'm convinced she is not what she seems: Nature would nee'r exhaust her pow-

ers in feature, and leave the mind neglected ; nor could such ease and elegance of manners attend on humble life——And then the shrewdness of her replies——Why did I suffer her to escape, till she had solved the mystery ? Ah, why indeed !——Shall I pursue her——No ! it would be a vain attempt ; she feels the influence she has gained, and cruelly exerts it——To Jeune I will resort for explanation, he seemed attentive to my commands, and perhaps has gained his point. I'll seek him at the tavern.

Exit.

END of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE, a Tavern at Greenwich.

Enter BLOOMFIELD, JEJUNE following.

Bloomfield. Well Jejune, what tidings of the charmer, have you discovered any thing?

Jejune. (*drily.*) Yes, I believe my discoveries may rank among the extraordinaries of the day--- rather important or so.

Bloomfield. Important and extraordinary! O name them quickly.

Jejune. First then, I have discovered that she is not the person you took her for.

Bloomfield. Come sir, this is not a time for jesting, if you value my esteem inform me instantly.

Jejune. Value your esteem! I hope sir you have no cause to suspect—

Bloomfield,

Bloomfield. Trifle with me no longer, lest my strong impatience leap the bounds of reason---I'm on the rack---Who is she? what is she? and where is she?

Jejune. Who is she? what is she? and where is she? three questions, and all in one breath---You surely don't expect the answers will be so quickly dispatched.

Bloomfield. This insolence is insufferable---I'll not endure it---To be brief, sir, seek some other subject for your sport.

(Jejune offers to go.)

And will you leave me---O Jejune, I have been too rash; return and heal those anxious doubts that now so cruelly oppress me.

Jejune. Since reason resumes her sway, I'll resume my duty; and now for your questions, though I shall invert their order, and begin with the last. Let me see, the question was, Where is she? my answer is, at her father's house in Blackheath.

Bloomfield. Why will you thus perplex me? why adopt this circuitous mode, you too that are generally so perspicuous!

Jejune.

Fejune. In matters of importance, sir, there's nothing like method and discretion---the shock might prove too great, if suddenly disclos'd.

Bloomfield. You talk in parables. But why this digression? each moment serves but to inflame my torments.

Fejune. No relapse, and I'll march to the point with all the regularity of a well disciplined troop in a secret enterprize. Now for the next---What is she? Don't be alarm'd---she is an only child, with an immense fortune.

Bloomfield. Proceed---I'm all amazement.

Fejune. (*aside.* He don't twig it yet.) And now firstly and lastly, that is first in point of question, but last in order of answer; she is no other than---
Louisa Heartly.

Bloomfield. Louisa Heartly! impossible.

Fejune. Yes, that it should be otherwise. I have proof the most demonstrative.

Bloomfield. Whence your information?

Fejune. From the best of sources---I attack'd the old formal Jade as you directed (who is a servant of

G

Mr.

Mr. Heartly's) and with a few rapturous flourishes gain'd her to my purpose. From her I learnt, that a violent quarrel had that morning taken place between Miss Heartly and her father, relative to her intended union with you, to which she was very averse, and tempted by the serenity of the day, she had ventured to the park in disguise. But tho' her prepossession against Mr. Bloomfield was great, I found it did not extend to Ensign Colville---This, sir, is a short journal of my voyage upon discovery.

Bloomfield. O Jeune, I am convinc'd, there is no room for doubt, I'll fly this instant to her feet and expiate the wrongs I've done her.

Jeune. Stay, your scheme is dangerous, the very name of Bloomfield negatives your interview.

Bloomfield. And shall I linger here, the vile promoter of her inquietude? No, on the wings of love I'll go and rescue her from parental tyranny.

Jeune. Yes, but as Ensign Colville, do it.

Bloomfield. That would indeed be base---I will no longer injure innocence.

Jeune. How injure! That's impossible; the imposition springs from prudence, and is founded in
the

the purest motives; by these means all parties will be satisfied. When you have secured her affections——you may avow yourself——'till then 'tis dangerous.

Bloomfield. You reason right, and I approve your plan. But let us hence,

Now love presides, time slowly limps away,
A day's a year, a moment seems a day.

Exeunt.

SCENE changes to a Garden near Mr. HEARTLY'S
House.

LOUISA.

My adventure in the park was a charming one; I would not have miss'd it upon any account. Why Miss Fal-Ral will be quite giddy when I inform her of it, tho' I dare say she'll curse her stars she was not of the party.---And then, how I deceiv'd the young officer. I make no doubt he took me for what I represented. The expedient that I could not write when he solicited my address, and the tale of my mistress being an old maid were ex-

G 2

cellent;

cellent; in a little time I should be quite an adept at an intrigue, and yet I regret I wasn't more inquisitive about him, for I'm sure he loves me, and indeed regimentals were always my favorite.

SONG.

I.

A red coat and a smart cockade,
To men are great improvements;
In park, at balls, or promenade,
Add grace to all their movements.
Whene'er a captain heads his troop,
We feel the strong attraction;
E'en formal prudes, then deign to stoop,
And grace the scene of action.

II.

They brook not insult, as a fop,
Who honour thinks a bauble,
But give a thrust, or pop, pop, pop,
As th' amende honorable.
Delightful men! our nation's boast,
By them we ne'er are slighted;
With courage they maintain their post,
And see the fair sex righted.

They

III.

They prove the best cicisbeos,
So fertile at intriguing ;
Unlike your jemmy, simp'ring beaux,
Who " tell'e its fatiguing."
Then should my heart ere pliant prove,
And wily Cupid tease me ;
A captain must inspire the love,
None else I'm sure can please me.

Enter BLOOMFIELD.

Pardon my presumption, in thus abruptly intruding
myself at your feet.

Louisa. Heav'ns fir ! What brings you here ?

Bloomfield. Be not alarm'd, and I'll explain the
mystery. You recollect our interview in the Park ;
I felt those charms I now behold in all their native
brilliance, though then obscurely veiled. Upon en-
quiry I learnt your real situation in life, and hither
hastened to declare my passion : Hearing a female
voice I leaped the wall, and fortune blessed me
with the wished event.

Louisa. O fir, let me intreat you to fly this place,
should my father discover us——

Bloomfield.

Bloomfield. If you but smile, or bid me hope, I dread no obstacles.

Louisa. But think on your situation, danger, fir surrounds you, therefore I conjure you leave me.

Bloomfield. Talk not of danger, when beauty is in pursuit; what could I not surmount to gain so fair a prize, for whom e'en life itself would be a trivial sacrifice.

Louisa. If, fir, you are regardless of yourself, think of me; my honor demands your instant absence.

Bloomfield. Urge your commands no farther, nor dip the darts of beauty in the stream of cruelty. I cannot, dare not leave you. To retreat, because of difficulty, would plant a stain indelible on my profession.

Louisa. (aside) How I admire his valour; the impression he has made upon me will be too visible—but once more I'll try his constancy—Since you are deaf to every remonstrance I have made, know that I cannot receive your addresses, for I am devoted to another.

Bloomfield:

Bloomfield. To another! O recall the fatal words:
And are you consenting?

Louisa. (aside.) I can no longer dissemble, his looks speak forcibly, and tell me that I govern with tyrannic sway. To deceive you sir would be unjust, a vile return for that generosity of sentiment you have avowed. Know then, that a cruel father, regardless of my happiness, and of that tenderness which ought to characterize our affinity, seeks to impose a match I cannot but disapprove.

Bloomfield. Detestable thought! perhaps disease and age denote the object, and his only recommendation is his riches.

Louisa. No sir, there you wrong him; though a stranger to his person I am not insensible of his merits. Report describes him as engaging, and, to the family of Sir William Bloomfield, objection must be silent; but the idea of a forced marriage has erased every favorable impression from my mind, and left aversion in the full possession.

Bloomfield. Excellent woman! infatuating girl!
How reciprocal our wishes! How generously hostile!
And can Mr. Heartly prove the source of your unhappiness?

happiness? O let me convey you to some place of safety, where you may rest secure from a deluded father's threatened force.

Louisa. Rashness marks that plan; let not one imprudent act——

Bloomfield. And can you think so basely of me? Bless'd with an independence, I am devoted to your service, and will procure you an asylum.

Louisa. I know not how to act.—Mr. Bloomfield is expected, and my father is preparing for our nuptials; I cannot support an interview!

Bloomfield. Dismiss your fears, and let me be your protector. Mr. Bloomfield shall wave his claim, or pay the forfeit with his life.

Louisa. Matchless man! with what heroic ardour he supports my cause: (*aside.*) But sir you are ignorant of my father's temper, he will ne'er consent.

Bloomfield. He must, he shall, equal to Mr. Bloomfield in every respect, I will extort his sanction.

Louisa. You have overcome my scruples, and I will confide in you. To night at eight re-visit this spot, and——

Bloomfield.

Bloomfield. O rapturous expressions!

Louisa. And yet sir——

Bloomfield. No revocation; Your safety is my charge: Yes, a soldier's honour is the pledge.

Louisa. But——

Bloomfield. No more. At the appointed hour I come, till then, adieu!

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE changes to Mr. HEARTLY'S House.

Discovers SOLOMON, with Pens, Ink, Walker's Rhyming Dictionary, and other Books upon the Table.

SONG, SOLOMON.

Tune, VICAR and MOSES.

I.

Old Horace has said,
As I have oft read,
A poet can't be, but *nascitur*;
True genuine wit
Is always *non fit*,
Nor from study can ever *sequitur*.

H

In

II.

In ex-tem-po-re,
None are equal to me,
The favorite son of Apollo;
Endu'd by the Nine,
With a spark that's divine,
I beat my competitors hollow.

III.

My *caput* well fill'd,
In *grammar* too, skill'd
There's no part of speech but I well know;
For pro-nun-ci-a-tion,
Or nice punc-tu-a-tion,
There never existed my fellow.

IV.

I can dress up a rhyme,
In a short space of time,
Am a *dab* at a song or a sonnet;
There my parts I disclose,
But as for dull prose,
My Genius disdains to think on it.

Solomon. Now for my ode upon the abolition of
the slave trade; Gad I think I'll write the rhymes
first——There's originality for you——Here be-
gins.

——Negro,

_____Negro,
_____Allegro.

excellentissimo ! Milton wrote a poem of that name,
of course my learning will be undoubted—Muse
proceed.

_____Abolition,
_____Manumission.

Very good :

Slavery (*pauses*)———O, there I'll put a dash
with a---y---at the end———

Get on Pegasus———

_____Freedom———(*pauses.*)

What does Walker say of that?---(*searching the dic-
tionary*)--Not a match to be found—Well, my own
genius must supply the deficiency. (*pauses.*)

Why now they have got their Freedom,
As for the task-masters, they no longer heed e'm.

Quite pat. Put it down---(*writes*)---O Solomon,
when wert thou at a fault! But I must say some-
thing about Sugar—Well, then a rhyme to it——

Gad

Gad there's nothing like contrast, so I'll write Vi-
negar---Note in the margin---that is to say---to
read Su-gar et Vi-ne-gar---(*writes*)---Bravo!---
But I hear somebody coming-----“ Let none ap-
proach.” (*aloud*.) I shall be discovered before I
have hid my dictionary. “ Let none enter, Solomon
Wiseacre is at his studies.” (*aloud*.)

(*hides the dictionary.*)

Enter TABITHA.

Solomon. What Tabby, my love, is it you?

(*amorously.*)

Tabitha. (*disdainfully.*) Love indeed!

Yes I am thy everlasting Amoroso,

Solomon. And thou art my Dulcinea del Toboso.

Tabitha. Dull! to let you know I am as sprightly
as ever I was in my life; and as to my being a sin-
ner, don't talk of that, for you know what you
wanted in the harbour.

Solomon.

Solomon.

Me! O thou blasphemer of Apollo!

Gods! why don't your vengeance follow?

Dos't thou not know that I am favoured of the Muses, and that my genius is inspir'd by the grave Melpomene, the gay Thalia, Momus, and all the circle of the fam'd Pantheon?

Tabitha. And how long Mr. Solomon have you been acquainted with those gentle-folks; why I dare say you never saw the Pantheon in all your life.

Solomon. And do you suppose I mean the Pantheon resorted to by gaping mortals? No---no---I mean that divine! that—that—but words are weak, and learning can't describe it; indeed I might as well attempt to explain a Greek oration, thou wonderful ignoramus!

Tabitha. O you barbarous man, compare me to a monster? I'm sure Mr. Jejune said I was as handsome as an angel.

Solomon. (*aside.*) Mr. Jejune! who the devil can he be, not a rival sure——And so Mr. Jejune told you so; ha! ha! ha! some barber's journeyman I suppose.

Tabitha

Tabitha. Barber's Journeyman indeed! to let you know he's as fightly a looking gentleman as eyes ever beheld, and worth an hundred such old musty fellows as you: And what's more, he'll have me to-morrow morning if I please. I wish he was here; he'd teach you better manners, than to call a person of my consequence by such outlandish names.

Solomon. Him teach! Mars inspire me, Pallas aid me, that I may chastise this scoundrel: I'll challenge him this instant.

Tabitha. Dear heart how I should like a duel, why it will be advertised in all the news-papers about town and country, and my name will be seen in long large *capitable* letters.

Solomon. Thou false, thou wicked one! to bring thy faithful Adonis to the slaughter—Well, be it so, I'll write such a thundering challenge, that the very words shall shake him.

(Sits down.)

Let me see, I think I'll write it in rhyme, it will be singular, and imputed to the strength of my genius. But, how provoking, whilst she is present I dare not open my dictionary, and without it nothing
can

can be done that way. (*aside.*)——I must condescend to pen it in the ordinary style, and not soar above the fellow's capacity, who I suppose can scarce read——

Tabitha. Not read! but he can, and write *proetry* too, and when I shewed him your verses, he said you was an old foolish word-monger.

Solomon. Do you hear this ye sacred nine? Will you suffer your chosen son to be thus vilified? But I must compose myself, or I shall certainly disgrace the elegance of my diction; cool, cool, Solomon, nor let fury invade thy pen: but it must be very bold, the subject requires it——*Veni, vidi, vici*—— that shall be my motto, and in large characters too.

(*Writes, seals, and delivers it to Tabitha,*)

Here, take it; 'That challenge itself would be sufficient to vanquish half a score Frenchmen.

(*Tabitha receives it exultingly, and as she goes out Fejune meets her, and enters.*)

Fejune. O what an age of absence! Thus let me clasp thee in my arms, thou loveliest of thy sex.

Solomon. I hope this is not my rival. (*aside.*)

Tabitha. How glad I am to see you, that villain
has

has called me such names, and says you are a barber's journeyman: but read that letter.

(gives it him.)

Jejune. He! what the devil have we here, a challenge, the fellow's a stranger to me——*(reads)*

“Veni, vidi, vici.” (A very classical introduction) “How dar’st thou aspire to the honour of rival-
“valling a man most favour’d by the Muses——
“Tabitha, the hoary Tabitha!”

Tabitha. There’s assurance, he means me Sir.

Jejune Most insolent! the crime had been much less had he called Venus so——But to proceed——
(reads.) “The hoary Tabitha, my right, by promise, thou hast robb’d me of, and nothing but
“thy insignificant life can make atonement for the
“injury! I expect you’ll meet me at the upper
“end of Greenwich Park to-morrow morning at
“Ten o’Clock, there to give such satisfaction as a
“man of my parts may demand:

“Your Enemy till Death;

SOLOMON WISEACRE.

Jejune.

Fejune. What a terrible conclusion——And so you Mr. Shacklefigure are the author of this singularity.

Solomon. I must speak with firmness---(*aside*)---those laconic lines are the production of my pen.

Fejune. Well, my Son of Mars, what's your weapon, sword or pistol? I'm for dispatch.

Solomon. (aside.) He seems a determined dog; then that long sword by his side, how it makes my flesh crawl---But he does not seem to have any pistols, of course they are the weapons! Why, as to fencing, you Frenchmen are very dexterous at it, and I hate odds, but with pistols no man meets his antagonist with more resolution than I do. It is really a misfortune to be unprovided, or this affair might be settled immediately, for, as you observe, there's nothing like dispatch.

Fejune. I am singularly fortunate in supplying the deficiency; the Captain left his to my care this morning, here they are, (*taking a brace of pistols from his pocket.*) as pretty a brace of barkers as any man can wish to be shot with---Take your choice, you'll find them properly loaded sir.

I

Solomon.

Solomon. (*aside*) And I am afraid very improperly unloaded.

Jejune. Tabitha my love, retire, when we have settled, I'll meet you in the garden.

Tabitha. How I shall like to see this in the newspaper---Fare you well Solomon, for I suppose I shan't see you any more.

Exit.

Solomon. O if I was but once out of his reach, I would avoid him as carefully as a debtor does a catchpole---with what unconcern he talks of loading and dispatching-----Some damn'd fighting dog I warrant him. (*aside.*)

Jejune. Come, fir, let's to business-----I thought we were agreed upon dispatch. Choose your distance, ten paces or five, or perhaps you would prefer muzzle to muzzle.

Solomon. O, fir, you wouldn't think of fighting in a room, 'twill alarm the whole house, besides we have no seconds.

Jejune. Then if one or both of us should fall, there will be no accessaries to the fact.

Solomon.

Solomon. What a cool determin'd dog---he is a very myrmidon. (*aside*) But consider the consequences, fir, without witnesses, if one should fall, as you observe, the survivor will be hung for murder.

Jejune. Never let that trouble you, you'll either be laid upon the bed of honor, or most distinguishingly exalted. But I have no time to lose. Acquit yourself as a man, or I'll treat you as you deserve, and cane you.

Solomon. Why——Why you don't imagine I was ever in earnest about fighting.

Jejune. Not in earnest! but I'll convince you shortly that *I am*.

Solomon. What have me fight for such an ugly old woman as Tabitha---no, no, Mr. Jejune, why it would call the vengeance of the muses on me.

Jejune. And if you do not fight, you call down my vengeance, which I think will prove the most painful of the two.

Solomon. If renouncing Tabitha will satisfy you, here upon my bended knees I'll do it.

Jejune. Thou pitiful coward, thus will I requite thee.

(*beats him.*

Solomon. O spare me! have mercy, mercy.

Jejune. And now as a small retribution to the charming Tabitha, swear that she is more beautiful than Venus---more chaste than Diana---and possesses more wisdom than the great Minerva.

Solomon. All this I swear.

Jejune. Swear that from this moment you yield to me all pretensions to that excelling fair one.

Solomon. I swear.

Jejune. Now get you hence, and learn to fight before you send a challenge.

(Solomon runs off.)

Ha! ha! ha! How heartily the fellow swore. But where will this end? what's to be done with the old Beldam---she grows amorous, and I grow sick. But I must assist the captain in his amour; that accomplished, adieu to Tabitha for ever.

Exit,

SCENE changes to a Garden.

Enter BLOOMFIELD.

A few minutes put me in possession of all my foul holds dear---Where can Jejune be? I sent him before

fore to obtain information, and I must wait his return. But I hear footsteps--O 'tis he---

Enter JEJUNE,

Bloomfield. Well Jejune?

Jejune. Louisa is prepar'd, the old gentleman from home, and fortune smiles upon our wishes--follow me, and I'll lead you to her.

Exeunt.

Enter MR. HEARTLY.

I thought I heard a noise this way--perhaps the rushing of the distant waters-----No, It could not be-----I am not satisfied; the evening's fine, so here I'll sit me down,-----Again-----sure 'twas a human voice. But who comes yonder---my daughter of the party? (*disturbed*) 'tis very true. What can it mean? this tree affords me a retreat, and there I'll watch their motions.

Re-enter

Re-enter BLOOMFIELD *and* JEJUNE *with*
LOUISA.

Bloomfield. Banish your suspicions---I'll die to serve you. The chaise waits in the adjoining field, and will conduct you to a place of safety.

Louisa. Well I will confide in you, tho' I tremble at my rashness. This key unlocks the garden door.

(Gives him a key.)

Re-enter Mr. HEARTLY.

Thieves, murder, fire, James, Joseph, Solomon! Where's my daughter, my daughter?

Jejune. Heav'ns! we are discover'd.

Enter SOLOMON, TABITHA, *and other* Servants.

Heartly. Seize, seize the scoundrels. O Louisa, how could you serve me thus?

Louisa. You may thank your own conduct for all this.

Heartly. Don't suffer the rascals to escape. I'll have them punish'd in the severest manner.

Bloomfield.

Bloomfield. Villains, hands off, lest you fall a sacrifice to my wounded honour. As for the illiberal appellations you have bestow'd, the son of Sir William Bloomfield scorns them.

Heartly. Sir William Bloomfield's son? It cannot be.

Louisa. Mr. Bloomfield!

Bloomfield. Let that convince you, sir.

(Gives him a letter.)

Heartly. O it is too true. I read it in your looks; this confirms it; and yet your late procedure gives birth to strange suspicions. In what a maze of error I'm envelop'd---quickly dispel the mist.

Bloomfield. We have no time for explanation. Let this suffice, my views are honourable, and will bear the nicest scrutiny.

Heartly. I will not doubt it, 'twould be injurious. Dishonour cannot be allied to you---excuse my rash expressions, and———*(affectionately)*

Bloomfield. 'Tis done. And now my lovely fair one, can you forgive the imposition?

Louisa. Your motives, sir, must be explain'd---

Bloomfield.

Bloomfield. Then briefly thus--Hearing your prepossession against me, was the sole inducement to my disguise. After this avowal, may I presume to hope your partiality is unimpair'd. Smile but consent, and I am happy.

Heartly. You must consent, Louisa---your father adds his wishes to the cause---Thus let me join you, and may the union be permanent and happy.

Bloomfield. Let every one partake our blifs; and since you, Tabitha, have been so instrumental in my happiness, let Solomon and an ample sufficiency be your reward. Jeune, to aid my views, pretended a passion for you; but there is an invincible obstacle---he is a married man.

Tabitha. And so I must lose my handsome clever sweetheart, and put up with Solomon---Well I must be content, they do say, that marriages are made in heav'n; and I suppose Solomon and I were born under the same planet.

Solomon. But is the fighting gentleman willing to wave his claim?

If not, O Tab,

Wifeacre ne'er shall be thy name.

Jeune.

Fejune. Yes, Solomon, here, publicly, I renounce it.

Solomon. Thus are the valiant rewarded.

(conceitedly)

And now let none insult me, for whether man or men,
I'll fight 'em ; yes, I'll fight 'em——

Fejune. What, fir !

Solomon. Yes, I'll fight 'em, with——my pen.

Fejune. Ha ! ha ! ha ! In your hands, that weapon
will be inoffensive enough.

Bloomfield. Let nothing interrupt our harmony.
And as you, Solomon, are devoted to the Muses,
I will provide you a rural retreat, where you may
indulge your humour.

Comes forward and addressës the Audience.

And now each doubt remov'd, but one thing more
we wish——your approbation——that granted, our
nuptial night, will prove a festive night indeed.

Exeunt omnes.

F I N I S.

Yes, Solomon, here, publicly, I re-

Solomon. Thus are the wishes rewarded.

(concealed)
And how let some insult me, for shelter from or men,
I'll fight 'em; yes, I'll fight 'em.

What, Sir?
Solomon. Yes, I'll fight 'em, with my pen.

But Sir, that weapon
will be ineffective.

Let nothing interrupt our harmony.
And as you, Solomon, are devoted to the Muses,
I will provide you a trusty retreat, where you may

inspire your numbers.

Come, forward and address the Audience.
And now each doubt removed, but one thing more
we will—your approbation—that granted, our
nuptial night, will prove a festive night indeed.

Forward comes.



